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LOS ANGELES

The poor fellow jump'd out of the Cart and beg'd the driver would suffer that little boy to fupply his place. *Page 75*

5/15/0

MARTIN & JAMES

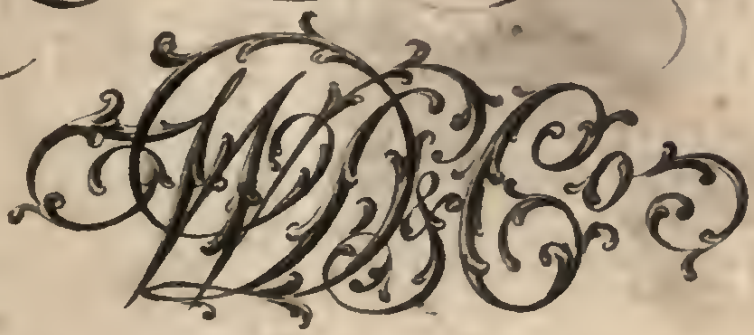
OR THE

Reward of Integrity

A MORAL TALE

Designed for the

Improvement of Children



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The PREFACE.

TO the publications which have already appeared for the use of Children, the author begs to add the following, being encouraged to hope that, however numerous its imperfections, in other respects, the moral and sentiments are unexceptionable. She has, in this little piece, endeavoured to illustrate that useful maxim, that "honesty is the best policy," and to prove from example that those who are actu-

ated from mean and intereſted motives, frequently defeat their own purpoſes, and draw on a puniſhment where they ſought a reward, while the generous and worthy, excluſive of their ſatisfaction, which muſt ever ariſe from a good action, cannot in the end fail of meeting a recompence.

The incidents of this little tale are in general ſimple, and the reflections ſuch as the author preſumed might naturally be ſuppoſed to ariſe from the ſituations in which they occur. With reſpect to the language it has been her aim neither

to ſoar above the comprehenſion of thoſe to whom it is addreſſed, nor to deſcend ſo low as to vitiate their taſte. To conclude, ſhould neither profit nor pleaſure ariſe from the peruſal of her tale, the author has at leaſt the conſolation to reflect, that no ill impreſſion will through that channel be conveyed to the young reader.

MARTIN and JAMES,

OR THE

REWARD OF INTEGRITY.

AT a ſmall village, in the Weſtern part of England, lived a poor widow, who gained a livelihood by carding of wool. She had one ſon, for whoſe ſake ſhe chearfully underwent the fatigue of working early and late. James, for that was his name, was too young to work, but he was a ve-

ry good boy. If by chance he had a penny or a halfpenny given him, a reward for his civility in opening a gate, or conducting a traveller through the village, inſtead of ſpending it in cakes or fruit, as children generally do, he ran with it immediately to his mother, ſaying to himſelf, "my mammy muſt card a great deal of wool before ſhe can earn a penny to buy us a loaf." Though it is natural for parents to love their children, their affection muſt proportionably leſſen or encreaſe as they are unworthy or deſerving of it:

This and numberleſs other inſtances of affection which James ſhewed toward his mother, rendered him ſo dear to her, that the poor woman conſidered him as the greateſt bleſſing Heaven had beſtowed on her, and had nothing ſo much at heart as his intereſt. As a proof of this, ſmall as her earnings were, ſhe contrived by working early and late, to ſave out of them ſufficient to ſend James to a day ſchool; where he was ſo attentive, that in a ſhort time, he was pronounced by his maſter to be the beſt ſcho-

lar of his age, in the village.—James endeavoured to repay his mother's kindneſs by every mark of dutiful attention; of an evening, when he returned from ſchool, inſtead of going to play with the children of the village, he would read the ſcriptures to her while ſhe was employed at work,

ever looking forward to the time when he ſhould be able to work for her ſupport, as the ſummit of all his wiſhes. But alas! this happy period was never to arrive—The poor woman was ſeized with a fever, which in leſs than a month put an end to her life. James was at this time between ten and eleven years old, an age, when he was capable of feeling the full extent of his loſs; for ſeveral days he wept almoſt inceſſantly, and refuſed to take comfort; but time and proper reflection by degrees

abated his grief, and he began to conſider what courſe he had beſt purſue to obtain a livelihood; for though he was univerſally beloved among his neighbours, as well on account of his own good behaviour, as of the reſpect they bore the memory of his mother, he was ſenſible that, in his mother, he had loſt the only friend to whom he could reaſonably look up for a ſubſiſtence. He offered his ſervice to ſeveral neighbouring farmers, but they all rejected him on account of his youth, which they alledged rendered him unfit

for buſineſs. They, however, employed him to drive the birds from the grain, an office, for which he received ſo ſmall a gratuity that had it not been for the humanity of his neighbours, who could not bear to ſee ſo good a boy in want, he muſt have ſtarved; yet ſo cautious was James of intruding upon their kindneſs, that he many a day went with an empty ſtomach, becauſe he would not make known to them his neceſſities. In the ſame village lived the ſon of a poor cottager, who

had been a ſchoolfellow of James's. This youth, who was fourteen years of age, had juſt buried his father, and found himſelf in poſſeſſion of four crowns; a ſum which the old man had by dint of hard labour ſcraped together. Martin, for that was his name, was always extremely ſelfiſh and undutiful; he thought the four crowns amply compenſated for the loſs of his father, and began to conſider in what manner to lay the money out to the moſt advantage. He had been told, that in London places were to be had,

where ſervants lived like gentlefolk; ſuch a place Martin thought would ſuit his taſte better than to follow the plough or to gather in the harveſt. With his four crowns, therefore, he reſolved to ſet out and try his fortune in London, and by chance meeting with James, communicated his intentions to him, ſetting forth the advantages which, he ſaid, muſt infallibly occur upon his arrival. James liſtened attentively to this diſcourſe, and naturally inclined to rely upon the judgement of others, could not forbear ſighing,

that, for want of a little money to bear the expences of his journey, he was deprived of ſharing theſe advantages. His mind ran ſo much upon the ſubject, that in the evening, when he returned to the dwelling of Ralph, an honeſt cottager, who, ſince the death of his mother, had afforded him a ſhelter, his diſcourſe inſenſibly turned upon the intended journey of his friend, and he could not at the ſame time forbear uttering a wiſh that fortune had put it in his power to accompany him. It happened that evening, that ſeveral

neighbouring cottagers were aſſembled at the hoſpitable fire ſide of honeſt Ralph. As they all entertained great good will towards James, they aſked with one conſent, what advantages he could expect from going to London? James replied, that from what he had been told, he ſhould not fear gaining employment of ſome kind or other, and that if he had money to keep him upon his journey, he ſhould not heſitate to ſet out immediately. The honeſt ruſtics ſeeing him ſo much in earneſt, aſked what ſum he thought would

anſwer his purpoſe? James paüſed a moment, and then replied, that he ſhould not wiſh for more than three ſhillings. Three ſhillings ſeemed a very ſmall ſum to perform a journey little ſhort of two hundred miles, but James at preſent knew but little of travelling, and affirmed he could make it do. In ſhort, he ſaid ſo much on the ſubject, and ſet forth the advantages of the journey in ſuch glowing colours, that the good people, who had his welfare much at heart, by contributing each his mite, raiſed the ſum

and James with infinite joy and gratitude, by the aſſiſtance of his good neighbours, ſet out the next day with his friend Martin for London. The two lads travelled till late in the day, when growing extremely fatigued, and much in want of refreſhment, they made toward a tree, and were preparing to draw forth the contents of their wallets, when they perceived an old pedlar approach. Martin inſtantly threw his wallet acroſs his ſhoulder, and counſelled his companion to do the ſame, ſaying,

that if the pedlar came to reſt near them, he would expect that they ſhould aſk him to partake of their repaſt; "let us, ſaid he, go behind that clump of trees on the other ſide the road, and then he will not ſee us." "Why," ſaid James, keeping his ſeat, "ſhould we be ſo mean to hide ourſelves from the poor man? he may not want our aſſiſtance, and if he does I am ſure he ſhall be welcome to a part of what I have. What ſhould I have done, Martin, if my neighbours had been ſo churliſh to me?"

"I never think about other people," ſaid Martin, "it is enough for me to take care of myſelf; though *you* are ſo rich," continued he with a ſneer, "that you can entertain travellers, I am not, ſo I ſhall leave you to yourſelf." Saying this, Martin croſſed to the other ſide of the road, and ſetting down among the trees, ſo that he could not be ſeen, like a true churl, devoured his meal alone. James in the mean while took out a little brown loaf, and a piece of cheeſe, with which his

good neighbours had furniſhed his wallet, and was beginning to eat when the pedlar came up. "My little lad," ſaid he, "be ſo kind as to help me to eaſe my ſhoulders of this box, for I have born it till I am weary." James, who was always ready to oblige, inſtantly ſprung upon his feet and gave the ſtranger the aſſiſtance he required. The old man then ſat down to reſt under the ſame tree, and was civilly invited by James to partake of his homely fare. "I thank you, my good lad," ſaid the pedlar, "but we

will firſt ſee what my wallet affords." Saying this, he drew forth a large bag, and took out of it ſome cold meat and bread, with a bottle of excellent beer. "Come my child," ſaid he, "eat heartily of this, and if here be not enough to ſatisfy us, we will make an end with your bread and cheeſe." James, who was a very modeſt boy, at firſt refuſed; but being warmly preſſed by the honeſt pedlar, who would take no denial, he fell to with a good appetite. Their hunger being in

ſome meaſure ſatisfied, the pedlar took an opportunity of aſking his young companion to what part of the country he was going; and being anſwered to London, expreſſed great ſurpriſe that he ſhould attempt at his age, to take ſuch a journey alone, and on foot.

James replied, that it was not long ſince he parted with a companion, and that he expected him every moment to return; but he was too generous to diſcover upon what account Martin and he had ſeparated. The pedlar, who was prepoſſeſſed in favour of James, expreſſed a curioſity to know farther particulars concerning him; upon which James in a few words made him acquainted with his ſtory, and the cauſe of his ſetting out upon ſo long a journey. The old man ſmiled when he under-

ſtood, that the ſum with which his little friend deſigned to perform a journey of more than a hundred and ſixty miles, amounted to no more than three ſhillings, beſide a loaf of brown bread and a piece of cheeſe. "My little lad," ſaid he, when James had ended, "I fear you have heard a much better account of London then it deſerves; however, as you ſeem reſolved to try your fortune there, I will not diſcourage you. I am travelling the ſame road; if therefore, as your pocket is not very heavy, you

incline to ſave expences, and will ſometimes carry my box, you ſhall fare as I do, and we will jog on together till we are tired of each other's company."

James was delighted with this generous and unexpected offer, and expreſſing his thanks in the warmeſt terms, aſſured the Pedlar he thought himſelf happy in meeting with ſuch a friend.

By this time Martin had made an end of his churliſh meal, and came up to the tree to rejoin his companion. The pedlar, who was an open hearted good natured

man, filled out a horn cup of beer, and offering it, "had you come ſooner, my lad," ſaid he, "you would have fared better, for you ſee we have juſt made an end of a cold ſhoulder of mutton; but here is a cup of excellent beer, and your companion can ſupply you with bread and cheeſe."

Martin thanked the pedlar, and taking the cup drank with as good grace as he was able, for he was not only extremely chagrined to think, that, through his over care he had dined upon bread and cheeſe, when had he been

leſs ſelfiſh, he might, like his companion, have fared ſo much better. But he was in great fear, leſt James had told the pedlar the real cauſe of his abſence. James, thinking to give his friend pleaſure, acquainted him with the pedlar's kind offer, not doubting but that he would rejoice in his good fortune; but Martin was by far too ſelfiſh. The happineſs of others never afforded him ſatisfaction; and in this inſtance, he was ready to cry with vexation, to think on the advantages he had loſt by his greedineſs.

For he was perſuaded, that had the pedlar ſeen him, before he engaged with James, he would have preferred him to the office of carrying his box, as being ſtronger, and more fit for the purpoſe.

Having repoſed themſelves for ſome time beneath the tree, the pedlar propoſed that they ſhould continue their journey, and James who was very mindful of his office, prepared to charge himſelf with the box. The old man ſeeing his intention prevented him. "Stop, my good child,"

ſaid he, laying his hand upon the box, "I am now reſted, and as able to bear the burthen as yourſelf; when I am weary, I will call for your aſſiſtance." James however, could not be prevailed upon to relinquiſh the box; he begged he might carry it, alledging, that it would be a very unſeemly ſight for an old man to bend under ſuch a burden, and for two lads to walk at his ſide unladen. The honeſt pedlar at laſt yielded to the perſuaſions of his little friend, and ſuffered him to take the box

upon his back; after which, they all cheerfully ſet forward.

James tripped lightly along with his load; and though the good-natured pedlar repeatedly offered to eaſe him of it, ſo anxious was he to expreſs his gratitude, that he conſtantly refuſed to reſign the box; ſaying, that he was very well able to carry it. As for Martin, with the baſe view of ſupplanting his friend, he made uſe of every art to inſinuate himſelf into the eſteem of the pedlar, and as a proof of his zeal and affection, which he thought could

not fail of pleaſing, warmly oppoſed every attempt the good man made to reſume his load, conſtantly alledging, that it would fatigue him.

But all would not do, the pedlar who was a ſhrewd man, and had ſeen a great deal of the world, far from being won upon by theſe extraordinary civilities, conceived a diſtate to Martin, whom he looked upon as ſolely actuated by intereſt; for how otherwiſe could he account for his behaviour? Was it not ſtrange

that he ſhould pay *ſuch unneceſſary* attention to a ſtranger, and yet ſuffer his old friend and companion James to toil on for ſo many miles, without once offering to eaſe him of his burden.

Toward evening they arrived at an inn, where it was reſolved they ſhould paſs the night; when Martin underſtood that the pedlar deſigned to ſhare his bed with James, artfully drew him on one ſide, and adviſed him to let James ſleep in one of the outhouſes, adding at the ſame time, that he would pay him for half

his bed, which would make the expence eaſier for both. The honeſt pedlar, who partly deſpiſed him for ſo treacherouſly endeavouring to ſupplant his friend, anſwered coolly, that he was already provided with a bedfellow, and adviſed him to ſeek a bed elſewhere.

In the mean while, the pedlar called for bread and cheeſe and ſome ale, upon which, he and James made a cheerful ſupper; as for Martin, though the generous pedlar invited him to par-

take with them, rather than endure the pain of witneſſing his friend's happineſs, he left a good ſupper, and pretending extreme wearineſs, retired to bed, where he could unobſerved indulge the envy and rancour of his diſpoſition.

James on the contrary went to reſt, as happy as a good ſupper and a good conſcience could make him; and with a heart overflowing with gratitude, offered-up his thanks and praiſes to God, who, in the honeſt pedlar

had raiſed him up ſo good a friend.

Early the next morning the two lads again ſet forward with the honeſt pedlar; James as he had done the preceding day carried the box, and to the great mortification of Martin, conſtantly fared with the owner; who was ſo pleaſed with his honeſty and unaffected good humour, that he became every hour more attached to him. While James and his good friend endeavoured to divert the length of the way

by diſcourſing upon different ſubjects, Martin walked ſullenly behind, wholly intent upon miſchief: it was death to him, to ſee poor James ſo happy, and he reſolved not to riſe till he had found ſome means to interrupt his happineſs. Unluckily an opportunity offered: they had travelled ſome hours, and James ſtill carried the box, when they turned into a road, on one ſide of which was a deep ditch, more than half full of mud. To the brink of this ditch, as they walked, Martin inſenſibly drew James, and

watching his opportunity when the pedlar looked another way, artfully gave him a ſhove and

plunged the unfortunate lad headlong into the ditch.

The good old pedlar alarmed, haſtened to the aſſiſtance of his little friend, and (with the help

of the treacherous Martin,) drew him all over mud out of the ditch. Luckily he received no hurt from the accident; but the poor boy was under great apprehenſion leſt the goods contained in the pedlar's box were ſpoiled. However, on this account he was ſoon eaſed, for the box being cloſe ſhut, few of the articles, upon examination were found to be damaged; ſo that a little fair water would ſoon repair them. This was a great comfort to James, and equally a diſappointment to his treacherous friend; who was

in hopes the goods would have been ſpoiled, and the pedlar ſo incenſed againſt James, that he ſhould with little difficulty have ſupplanted him. Having failed in the ſucceſs of his wicked ſcheme, it was his buſineſs now to clear himſelf of all ſuſpicion of being the perpetrator of it. He attended James to a brook hard by, and was very diligent in aſſiſting him to waſh the mud off his clothes; during which, he expreſſed ſo much concern for the accident, that the poor lad, who at firſt ſuſpected and reproached

him with his treachery, thought (as Martin pretended) that the ſhove which had knocked him into the ditch, was either the effect of accident or given in ſport.

James having cleanſed his perſon and the pedlar's wares, they all three once more ſet out amicably together. James could not ſummon courage to aſk for the box, fearing from the late accident, that the pedlar might net chuſe to truſt him with it in future; but Martin, who was never diffident when he thought his intereſt concerned, warmly preſſed his

ſervices upon the pedlar; who, ſhrewdly ſuſpecting that he was the cauſe of the late diſaſter, abſolutely refuſed to accept them, and perſiſted in his reſolution of carrying the box for the preſent himſelf, which he accordingly did, till ſeeing James look very diſconſolate, and judging that his chagrine proceeded from the fear of not being reſtored to his office, he very good-naturedly reſigned it to his care.

Martin, however, could not yet give over the hope of ſupplant-

ing the poor boy. He took an opportunity when James was at ſuch a diſtance that he could not hear him, to obſerve to the pedlar, that it was very unſafe to truſt his box with a boy, who, from his careleſsneſs was liable to the ſame accident that had happened once, every time he ſhould chance to paſs a ditch; beſides, ſaid Martin, he is ſo poor, that it is ten to one if he will not be tempted to pilfer ſome of your goods.

Happily for poor James, theſe unjuſt inſinuations made no other

impreſſion on the honeſt pedlar than ſuch as turned to the diſgrace of his enemy. He clearly ſaw through Martin's drift in ſtriving to villify the character of his friend; and while he heartily deſpiſed him for his baſeneſs, redoubled his kindneſs towards James; but it was not long before the poor boy was deprived of his good friend. The pedlar was that ſame evening ſeized with a complaint in his ſtomach which proved mortal: having with difficulty reached a ſmall houſe of

entertainment about half a mile diſtance, he immediately took to his bed, from whence he juſtly preſaged he ſhould never riſe more.

James, who poſſeſſed the moſt grateful and affectionate heart in the world, during two days which the pedlar lay ill, attended him with the ſame diligence and tenderneſs, as if he had been his father. Martin, though from a motive leſs diſintereſted, was equally attentive; and reſolved, however it might encroach upon his finances, to wait the event of

the pedlar's ſickneſs. The poor man, who found himſelf every hour grow worſe, on the ſecond day after he was ſeized with the complaint, as James was ſitting by his bed-ſide, took him kindly by the hand, and in a faint voice ſaid, "James, I feel I am not many hours for this world; my life is going from me apace, and I ſhall ſhortly be borne to my long home. James, you are good lad; had it pleaſed God to ſpare me, we ſhould not ſoon have parted; but his bleſſed will be done."

James could not ſpeak for weeping, and the pedlar ſeeing him ſo much affected, rejoined: "Do not grieve my child, if you continue to be honeſt and good, God will raiſe you up a friend when I am no more; and as for me, I truſt I am going from a world of care and ſorrow, to a life of peace and joy."

James ſtill wept, and in a broken voice, ſaid, he hoped that death was not ſo nigh as he thought.

The pedlar ſhook his head, and for ſome minutes ſeemed buried

in thought. Then looking earneſtly upon James, as if ſomething lay upon his mind which he wiſhed to communicate, thus began:

"My child, ſaid he, though my knowledge of you has been but of a ſhort date, I am perſuaded you are honeſt and upright. I have obſerved that you love God, and fear his diſpleaſure as the greateſt misfortune that can attend you on this ſide the grave. It is this opinion which makes me fix upon you in preference to others of maturer years, to execute a truſt, upon the perform-

ance of which my preſent peace of mind greatly depends.—It is now," cóntinued the pedlar, "ten years ſince the good Mayor of S——, in whoſe ſervice I ſpent my youth, lent me forty crowns to furniſh this box. Since that time I have traverſed the country, and various ſucceſſes has attended me; upon the whole, God has proſpered my endeavours. This ſaid he, taking a leathern purſe from a private pocket in his doublet, contains the forty crowns which are due to my honored maſter the mayor; I have ſaved

them from the moderate profits of my wares, I thank my God they are not the fruit of fraud or unjuſt dealing.

I reſign them, my child, into your care, and ſolemnly enjoin you, as you value the bleſſing of Heaven, which be aſſured as you perform

or neglect the truſt, will puniſh or reward you, when I am dead, to deliver them to the Mayor."

James ſolemnly promiſed that nothing but death ſhould prevent his executing the truſt upon which the pedlar put the leather purſe, which contained the forty crowns, into his hands, enjoining him not to acquaint any one with the affair, and eſpecially to conceal it from Martin, of whoſe principles he entertained but an indifferent opinion.

The next morning the pedlar called for the maſter of the houſe,

and after ſatisfying him for the trouble, and all expences during his illneſs, he requeſted him to be a witneſs that he bequeathed the contents of his box to the little lad who attended him, meaning James. He then began to talk of his diſſolution as of a journey he was ſhortly to go; and putting three pieces of money into the hands of the landlord, "As to my burial, ſaid he, this will defray the expences, and the care of it I leave to you as being my fellow chriſtians."

The pedlar did not live long after; he expired before the next morning, and left James in great affliction for the loſs of ſo good a friend. As for the legacy, he would not ſuffer himſelf to think about it till the funeral of his good friend was over; but having followed him to the grave, and paid all due reſpect to his remains, he took the key, and for the firſt time ſince the death of the pedlar unlocked the box, deſigning, as the people of the houſe adviſed him, to make a ſale of the goods it contained, and afterwards to de-

termine in what manner to diſpoſe of the money they produced. What was the poor boy's conſternation when, inſtead of the articles it formerly contained, he beheld the box filled only with a heap of ſtones! This was an unexpected and ſevere diſappointment; ſometimes he was inclined to ſuſpect that the people of the houſe were acceſſary to the theft, and at others his ſuſpicions fell upon Martin, who had refuſed to ſtay till the burial of the pedlar was over, and had left the houſe early on the morning

after he died: the poor boy knew not whom to accuſe, nor where to apply for redreſs. All his conſolation was, that the forty crowns, which ſince the pedlar had committed them to his care, he had kept in his pocket, ſtill remained in his poſſeſſion, as alſo the three ſhillings with which he had been furniſhed by his neighbours on his firſt ſetting out, but of this only a third remained when he had payed for his board and lodging, ſince the death of the Pedlar; and he ſet out to perform a journey of nearly ſixty miles with no

more than twelve-pence in his pocket; for as to the forty crowns the delivery of which was the purport of his journey, he reſolved, whatever might be his extremity, not to falſify his word with the pedlar, but faithfully, as he had promiſed, to deliver them to the Mayor. James could not forbear being much chagrined at the treacherous trick which had been played him, but he endeavoured to reconcile himſelf as well as he was able to his misfortune, by reflecting that he could

not be poorer for the loſs of that which he had never poſſeſſed. As his purſe was very low, he travelled all the firſt day without any refreſhment but ſuch as the blackberries and ſlows which he picked from the hedges afforded, and at night was content to ſup upon a half-penny roll and ſome ſkim milk. The next day he purſued a courſe nearly as frugal, and having travelled till the ſun had entirely diſappeared, found himſelf in danger of being benighted, and overtaken by a violent ſtorm, on an unfrequented heath. He

preſſed forward as faſt as poſſible, and juſt ſheltered himſelf in a little farm houſe at ſome diſtance, as it began to pour violently with rain, and to thunder and lighten dreadfully. James thought he could not do better then bargain with the farmer to let him ſleep in one of his barns, and accordingly agreed to give him three-pence for his nights lodging. While they were talking, a poor failor who had loſt one leg, came to the gate and aſked the farmer to have compaſſion on a poor fel-

low who had fought many battles in defence of old England, and to give him a nights ſhelter in one of his out-houſes. The farmer, who was mercenary churl, and thought the night being ſo bad, he could make an advantage of the poor man's neceſſity, replied, "that if he could pay for ſleeping in his barn he might ſtay, otherwiſe he knew better than to harbour ſuch vagabonds."

"Truely, ſaid the ſailor, I have only four-pence to carry me fifty miles, and if you will not for the ſake of charity afford me ſhelter,

I muſt ever be content with a wet ſkin." The farmer perſiſted in his reſolution, and the poor fellow was turning upon his heel to ſeek his fortune elſewhere, when James told the farmer that ſooner than ſee a poor fellow creature turned out in ſuch a dreadful night,

though he could ill afford it, he would pay the three-pence himself, which he accordingly did; and the poor man after expressing his thanks in the most grateful terms shared the barn with his kind benefactor, who far from regreting the loss of his supper, which this generous action made him think it prudent to forego, enjoyed the most pleasing reflections and grateful slumbers.

Early the next morning James again set forward on his journey, but toward evening he grew so fatigued, and so faint from the lit-

tle ſuſtenance he had taken for the three preceding days, that he ſat down at the foot of a tree and began ſeriouſly to reflect upon his ſituation. "Alas, ſaid he, tears dropping from his eyes, what will become of me! I have yet many long miles to travel before I can deliver my truſt to the Mayor, and many more before I reach London. My ſhoes are already worn out, and my feet are ſo bliſtered that I can ſcarcely ſtand, and how ſhall I ever be able to travel ſo far without food. How happy would theſe forty crowns,

ſaid James, (taking the leathern purſe out of his pocket) make me! But then I have given my word to reſtore them to the Mayor, and yet they would do me ten times the ſervice, for he is moſt likely rolling in plenty while I am ſtarving for want of food, and ſo weary that I can ſcarcely ſtir from this tree. Let me ſee—with theſe forty crowns I could take the cottage that my poor mother lived in for ſo many years, and I dare anſwer for a trifle could buy the piece of land adjoining to it of farmer Goſling.—Well, I could

then get honeſt Ralph of the mill to aſſiſt me in cultivating it, and the produce would perhaps make me one of the richeſt cottagers of our village.—No one, ſaid James, purſuing his reflections, knows that I have theſe forty crowns—the pedlar is dead, and as to the Mayor, he will never think of enquiring after him, and if he ſhould, nobody will be able to tell him that I have the crowns. Well, I am almoſt tempted to take them.—(Here James pauſed for ſome minutes, then reſuming his reflections)—But after all, ſaid

he, would theſe forty crowns make me happy after I have broke my faith with the pedlar, and committed a diſhoneſt action? No, though I could hide my crime from all the world, I could not from God; it would be known to him, and he would undoubtedly puniſh it. It is true, I am in greater want of this money than the Mayor, but that will not excuſe me for taking what is not my own; and yet theſe forty crowns, ſaid he, looking at them, are very tempting—What will become of me after I have de-

livered them to the Mayor—as to London, I ſhall never reach it, and if I do, notwithſtanding all that Martin has heard, places may not be leſs difficult to gain there, at leaſt for a poor friendleſs boy like me, than elſewhere—What will become of me? Should I attempt to return, it is as far to go back as forward, and how can I look my good neighbours in the face, when I have profited ſo ill by their bounty?—But after all, ſaid he, what can befall me ſo dreadful as the diſpleaſure of

God!—I will look at these forty crowns no longer—I am sure money must be very dangerous to put such wicked thoughts in ones head—I will trust in God, and endeavour to pursue my way to the Mayor---Whatever happens I shall be much easier when these crowns are out of my possession."

Saying this, he rose and made the best of his way to the next village, where with the few halfpence that remained, he procured himself a lodging for the night, and some necessary refreshment.

James was now quite penny-

leſs, and had ſtill many miles to go; the goodneſs of his cauſe, however, ſupported his ſpirits, and he roſe early the next morning to purſue his journey. Worn out at length with fatigue, and almoſt famiſhing with hunger, he was ſometimes tempted, for a moment, to take a ſmall part of the forty crowns, and tell the Mayor, that what remained was all the pedlar had committed to his charge; but when again he reflected that in doing this he ſhould add a falſehood to the crime of

diſhoneſty and breach of faith, he reſolved rather to periſh than be guilty of either.

While James made theſe reflections, a carriage with two footmen behind it approached.—The poor boy, who notwithſtanding his fatigue, ſtill retained his uſual alacrity to oblige, without thinking what was to follow, ran and opened a gate which a carriage was to paſs through, when a young lady in the coach, who had obſerved him, threw him a ſixpence.

James at firſt could hardly believe his eyes, he picked it up with tranſport, for in his preſent extremity it ſeemed like manna ſent from heaven; reanimated by this unexpected ſupply he haſtened to the next village, where he pro-

cured ſome refreſhment, and to complete his good fortune, a comfortable night's lodging in the barn of an hoſpitable farmer.

Next morning he again proceeded on his journey, in excellent ſpirits, reſolving, as he walked, never more to diſtruſt the goodneſs of God, who in his greateſt extremity had ſent him relief. He travelled all that day and part of the next, and was beginning to grow extremely faint and weary, when a voice called to him out of a little cart that was paſſing. James looked up and perceived

it to be the poor ſailor for whom he had ſo charitably purchaſed a lodging in the barn. The poor fellow expreſſed great joy to meet his little benefactor, and perceiving that he was extremely weary, jumpt out of the cart, and begged the driver would ſuffer that little boy, meaning James, to ſupply his place, at the ſame time telling him of the ſervice he had rendered him; the driver, who was equally pleaſed with the generoſity of James and the gratitude of the ſailor, conſented to take them both into the cart, and they

all ſet off together. On their way the ſailor informed James, that when they laſt parted, he was going fifty miles the contrary way in purſuit of an old captain under whom he formerly ſerved, to procure a recommendation to Greenwich Hoſpital*, but that on his way, he had learned his old commander had removed his reſidence to another part of the country, to which he was now going. The ſailor ſaid, further, that being on his way, the honeſt driver in com-

* The place where diſabled ſeamen of the Britiſh Navy are taken care of.

paſſion to his infirmities had offered to give him a lift as far as he went in his cart, and he added, that he thought himſelf doubly obliged to him for the ſame ſervice to his little friend.—Nor was this all, the poor fellow's purſe had been recruited ſince he left James, and he poſitively inſiſted upon dividing it with him. "Well, thought James, a good turn is never loſt, I aſſiſted this poor ſailor in his neceſſity, and at a time when I leaſt expected it, he has rendered me a ſervice far greater." Luckily for James, the driver was go-

ing within a mile of the town where the Mayor lived, for he was so completely worn out with he fatigue he had undergone, that this last twenty miles seemed more formidable than all that he had travelled before. The hour of parting being arrived, James, after expressing his hearty thanks to the driver, and the grateful sailor, took a friendly leave of them, and proceeded to the town where the Mayor lived. Having enquired out the house, and with difficulty obtained admittance, on account of the shabbyness of his

appearance, thro' extreme poverty, he produced the leathern purse

which contained the forty crowns, and delivered them, in the name of the pedlar, to the Mayor. The Mayor, who during ten years had heard no tidings of the pedlar, enquired kindly after his old do-

meſtic, and aſked James whether he was related to him. James replied that he was not; and modeſtly informed the Mayor of the manner in which he became acquainted with the pedlar, of his death, and the charge which he had in his dying hours given him to deliver the forty crowns to the owner.

The Mayor praiſed the honeſty of the Pedlar; but much more did he admire and applaud the integrity of poor James. It was with difficulty he concealed his admiration, when he reflected that

a poor unlettered boy, reduced to the extremities of want, ſhould nobly preſerve his integrity, and withſtand ſo powerful a temptation; however, he did not think it neceſſary at preſent to diſcover all he felt upon this occaſion. When James ended his account, he aſked him coolly whether either of his parents were alive? James ſighed, and replied that he had neither parents nor friends. No, ſaid the Mayor, that is hard indeed for ſo good a boy.

At this inſtant news was brought that two countrymen who had taken up a youth on ſuſpicion of committing a robbery, waited in the hall for audience. The Mayor ordered them to be admitted; but what was the horror and aſtoniſhment of James when, in the culprit, he diſcovered his old friend and treacherous companion Martin.

One of the countrymen depoſed, that having obſerved a variety of articles in the youth's poſſeſſion, which he had a few months before ſeen in the box of

an honeſt Pedlar who lodged at his houſe, and judging from the appearance of the lad that he could not have purchaſed them, he was induced to queſtion him on the ſubject; and from his confuſion and vague replies was perſuaded he had not come honeſtly by the goods, on which account he had brought him before his honor.

The Mayor, whom James had juſt informed of the legacy which the Pedlar had left him, and of the manner in which he had loſt

it, was perſuaded, this was the very youth who had robbed him; prepoſſeſſed with this idea, he immediately called James, who remained almoſt petrified with ſurpriſe and horror in one corner of the room, to confront the accuſed. James advanced reluctantly, but Martin no ſooner obſerved him, than thinking it in vain to diſſemble, he fell upon his knees before the Mayor, and confeſſed that while James ſlept he had carried off the articles contained in the Pedlar's box, and to prevent an early diſcovery, ſubſtituted ſtones

in their ſtead.—James was aſtoniſhed at the treachery of his old comrade; and the Mayor having made ſome obſervations on his baſeneſs, as a contraſt to it, related to all preſent the noble conduct of James, to whom turning, "*You refuſed the forty crowns, ſaid he, at the expence of your integrity, now my noble boy receive them as the reward of it.*" Saying this, he put the leathern purſe, containing the forty crowns, into James's hand, who, in a tranſport of joy and gratitude, threw himſelf at

the feet of the Mayor, and could only express his acknowledgments in tears and broken accents. The good Mayor kindly raised him, and assured James that this was but a prelude to what he intended farther in his favor—"You say, continued he, that you have neither parents nor friends; your virtue, my honest lad, has in me, gained you both, for from this moment I mean to take you under my protection. But while I am mindful, said the Mayor, to reward virtue, let me not forget that guilt remains unpunished."

Saying this, he ordered Martin to be ſeized and conveyed to priſon, there to await the puniſhment of his crime; but James, whoſe preſent happineſs did not make him unmindful of the wretchedneſs of his old companion, threw himſelf at the feet of the Mayor, in the greateſt agitation, and with tears and ſighs entreated him to pardon his unhappy friend. The Mayor at firſt ſeemed inflexible, but at length overcome by the diſtreſs of James, yielded to his entreaties. "Go, ſaid he, to Martin, at the requeſt of your friend,

I remit your punishment to God, and leave you to the stings of your own conscience—Go—and may you from your own disgrace, and the example of your honest friend, draw this useful lesson, that although guilt may flourish for a time, virtue and honesty are the most certain roads to happiness and honor."—Having said this he dismissed Martin overwhelmed with shame and disgrace. James through the generosity of the Mayor and his own diligence, obtained a liberal education, and the secretary of his patron dying, in

a few years he was thought capable of ſupplying his place, which he did with ſo much honor and integrity, that he gained the eſteem and approbation of all, and more eſpecially of his generous patron; who during his life, loaded him with favors, and at his death left him a conſiderable legacy, with which he purchaſed a little eſtate, about a mile from his native village, upon which he lived happily to the end of his days.

THE

THE AUTHOR TO THE READERS.

My little friends,

I Truſt by this time you have peruſed my book, and have not found the adventures of MARTIN and JAMES deſtitute of entertainment; I aſſure you,

it was my deſign to amuſe, as well as morally to inſtruct you; if, therefore, I have failed, it is rather owing to my want of ability than want of inclination. With reſpect to the moral, it is ſo obvious, that unleſs I ſuſpected you of great inattention, which I have no reaſon to do, I ſhould think it unneceſſary to point it out. I cannot, however, before I lay down my pen, forbear recommending little James (who I am perſuaded you admire as much as you deſpiſe his treacherous companion Martin) as

an example worthy your imitation; when I call to mind his *modeſty*, his *patience*, his *humanity*, and above all his *integrity*, and *regard to his word*, I think I cannot preſent you with a more deſerving model, You will, perhaps, tell me that, "As it is improbable you ſhould ever be placed in the ſame ſituations in which he was, it is of little conſequence whether or not you cultivate the virtues which rendered his character ſo eſtimable, and in the end raiſed him to a ſituation

far above his moſt ſanguine expectations." I agree with you that it is improbable, you ſhould be placed *preciſely in the ſame ſituations*; but it is far more unlikely that you ſhould paſs thro' life without being called upon to exerciſe (though not exactly in the ſame manner) the virtues of Patience, Modeſty, Humanity, and Integrity. On the contrary, there is not a day paſſes, in which all or ſome of theſe are not called into action; your temptations may indeed, be leſs powerful, but then you will be the more

inexcuſeable if you yield to them. Our Virtues as well as our Vices gather ſtrength by habits; accuſtom yourſelf therefore to a ſtrict examination of your actions, and endeavour to render them ſuch as will be acceptable to God, and entitle you to the eſteem of all good men.

Let Truth on all thy actions wait,
In proſp'rous, or in low eſtate;
Revere thy ſov'reign Lord on high,
Nor tempt his anger with a lye.

Let Envy ne'er thy breaſt inflame,
Nor ſeek to wound another's
fame;
Bear with the failings of thy
friend,
Be ſilent when you can't com-
mend.

When naked, cold, diſtreſs'd and
poor,
The wretched ſeek thy ſhelt'ring
door;
Ah haſte to ſtill affliction's ſigh
To wipe the tear from ſorrows
eye.

Let pride, and anger have no
part,
Nor malice in thy youthful heart;
But *Virtue* all thy actions ſway,
The leading ſtar that points thy
way.

FINIS.

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